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POETRY.

THE THRASHING.

It is not the voice of the wild wind,
Nor the rush of the noisy rain,
Nor yet the tread of the river—
That sounds across the plain.
For low is the voice of the wild wind,
The rain is far at sea,
And soft is the tread of the river—
Whatever can it be?

The brown-cheeked country children,
Will tell you, for they know
It is the noise of the thrashing,
That rouse and rumble so.
Before the breath of the morning
Had melted the frost work hoar
From the stubby fields and the hedges,
Began the grand uproar.

The thrashers came through the dim lofts,
A whistling up the dawn,
And bright as the glancing sunlight,
The prongs of their pitchforks shone.
The garrulous folks in the hen house
Were never in such surprise.
And the cows started through the stanchions
With mildly wondering eyes.

There were lanterns glancing hither,
And lights a-blinking yon,
And the drowsy horses snored,
To feel the harness on.
It was bustle and hustle and hurry
Around the windmill tower;
It was whistling and hawing and geeing,
With hithling to the power.

Then rang the voice of the driver
To the click of his nifty lash,
And the teams began to circle,
And the ponderous wheels to crash.
And a rout of mingled noises
Spread on the peaceful air,
A creak and a groan and a rumble
That deepened to a roar.

It is clatter and grind and rattle,
It is whistle and buzz and burr,
It is thud and thwack and shudder,
With endless whizz and whirr.
The men on the peaceful side,
Loom through the clouds of chaff;
They are black with the dust of thrashing,
You could not tell them half.

The sheaves with their several girdles
Are caught by the great machine,
And the teeth of the monster tear them
And shake the grain out clean,
It trickles into the measure,
Each kernel dolefully flayed,
And the straw streams up the bolting,
And falls in a wild cascade.

Swelling in perfect cadence,
Matched to a stately rhyme,
A man sings for the harvest,
In the noise of the thrashing time,
All day in the gold October,
Through luminous hazes borne,
In rhythmic roar sweeps over
The uplands and vales of corn.

It sings of the great earth's bounty,
Of the garner filled with grain,
And it mingles its measures
The music of light and rain.
It sings to the hopes that falter,
To the hearts that doubt and strive,
Like the strong voice of a prophet,
That promise is still alive.

—Jean Blum, in Inter-Ocean.

STORY TELLER.

Jack's Fir Pillow.

He was a bright handsome young fellow of perhaps five-and-twenty, while I, a demure spinster well into the fifties, looked quite old enough to be his mother.

So the gossips at the little summer hotel where we were boarding could really find nothing to say, though we often had long talks together, this young Jack Turner and myself, when we happened to meet in the parlor or out on the piazzas.

The special craze among our young lady boarders just then was the making of all sorts of pretty pillows, which they filled with pine-needles or buds of the fragrant balsam-fir and embroidered with various appropriate mottoes, such as "Dream of the woods," "The pines shall whisper, peace," "Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree," etc., etc. And as the picking of these pine-needles and pithy fir tips was rather disagreeable work for dainty white fingers, it was quite the fashion for all the chivalric young men in the house to volunteer their services in this initiatory part of the work. Moreover, there was not a little rivalry among them as to who could find the most fragrant trees, a species of the balsam-fir denominated "strawberry" being the rarest and most in demand.

I was therefore not at all surprised when this new acquaintance of mine, having found out my botanic proclivities, came to me one bright morning with an immense tow-bag slung across his shoulder, and announced his intention of picking fir in some remote woods on the other side of the mountain. Would I go with him and show him the right kind of tree? He had brought back a whole bagful of worthless stuff the day before, and all because he couldn't tell a spruce-tree from a fir.

How could I resist such a pathetic appeal—especially when he could show me in this particular piece of woods a rare and beautiful species of orchid that I had long been trying to find.

No! I couldn't refuse. So Jack with his bag and I with my basket

started off in high spirits that glorious summer morning. It was one of those rare days in early July when a cool breath from the mountains tempered the midsummer heat and gave me an exhilarating sense of what Longfellow calls:

"The electric thrill, the touch
Of life that seems almost too much."

The three miles' walk around the mountain seemed as nothing, and we soon reached our destination—the broad, dark belt of woodland that enclosed like a velvet girdle the picturesque little lake at the foot of the highest peak. Jack had proved himself a most entertaining companion all the way. He reminded me of a dear young nephew I had lost, and although a week before we had been total strangers, I was glad to notice that he seemed to regard me already as an old and tried friend. Upon one subject, however, he was very reticent. When I found for him a clump of the genuine "strawberry" trees, and jokingly asked him for which of the pretty young ladies he was going to pick the fir, he looked up quickly, and then, with a confused look on his frank countenance, said:

"Oh, it is for no one here; it is for some one miles and miles away. And do you think," he added, with an abstracted air quite foreign to his usual manner, "that it is really a cure for consumption?"

"Hardly a cure," I answered, although I've known it to give relief in many cases of confirmed lung trouble. The young man sighed heavily.

"Well," he replied, after a long silence, "I am determined to try everything for her."

Of course my sympathies were immediately aroused. I began at once to picture to myself the pale young girl in her far-off home fading away day by day like some frail, sweet flower.

"Has she been ill a long time?" I ventured at last to inquire.

"For more than a year," he answered briefly, and then quickly turned the conversation upon some other subject.

Still, I could not help noticing a heavy burden evidently lay upon his mind, that, try hard as he might, he could not entirely shake off.

Now I do not think I am over sympathetic, or have more than the ordinary amount of curiosity usually attributed to womankind, but all the way home I kept thinking of Jack's little sweetheart "so many miles away," and wished he would tell me something more about her.

It was evening of that same day, I remember, that he came to me in the parlor, and drawing me into a quiet corner, said he wanted to ask my advice upon a very important subject.

Did I think it would be possible for him to make up the fir pillow all himself? He used to hem the sails of his toy boats when a little shaver, had served a good apprenticeship in sewing on buttons when a college boy, and thought he could still manage a needle pretty well, if I would only have the patience to show him.

Of course, with a woman's inconsequence, I immediately offered to do the whole thing for him. But, no! he thanked me just the same, he said, but would really prefer to do it himself.

Now, in spite of my mature years, I still have stored away in my nature a deal of romance, and this fancy of the young man touched a sympathetic chord. Of course it would give an added value to the pretty gift if it was all his own work, and who could tell what psychological power what wonderful "mind cure," might not be effected when the little invalid pressed to her lips the magic pillow her lover's hands had made?

As to the material and color, I readily wished that I knew the young girl's preferences, and when Jack suggested a plain gray serge, as "sure to wear well," I wondered not a little that a young man with so much delicacy of feeling should, at the same time, be so intensely practical. I had already decided in my own mind that the pillow should be of some delicate shade of blue ponce, decorated in one corner with Alesian bows of pale pink satin. However, I yielded the point with as good a grace as I could, mildly suggesting that a border of yak lace of the same color, as the serge would give a pretty finish.

"But wouldn't it tear easily," asked Jack.

"Why, yes, if it were handled roughly," I replied, "but on a pillow like this it would wear for years."

"On the whole I think I'd like it better without any such fligree work—simpler things are always the best," returned my somewhat discouraged

pupil, as for the fifth time he picked out some unflattering stitches that I plainly told him would spoil the looks of the whole pillow.

Well, in due course of time it was finished; that is, the plain serge cover was firmly stitched together, and then how I longed to embroider upon it some loving bit of sentiment about the murmuring pines and the balmy firs! But of course all that was out of the question. Jack had evidently no idea of doing anything further himself in the way of needlework, yet was as anxious as ever to have the whole pillow made by his own hands.

On the whole he was a very patient and persevering pupil for an active young fellow so devoted to tennis and baseball, and I often used to wonder what tender, loving thoughts, he was working into those great clumsy seams when I saw that peculiar far off look come into his beautiful brown eyes.

There was only one thing that troubled me. In spite of the persistency with which Jack had worked day after day upon the pillow, and in spite of the numerous letters that came to him addressed to a definite feminine hand, I couldn't help noticing, as did all the other boarders in our little hotel, that the young man was paying marked attentions to a pretty girl that had lately joined our party. She had fascinated us all, this winsome Muriel Fales, with her sweet face and her charming manners, and I couldn't wonder that Jack had not been able to resist the spell; but then did I not know his secret, and were not all my sympathies with the frail little creature for whom the fir pillow was designed? How could a young man be so fickle? Was the old proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind," to prove true again in his case? I confess I was beginning to be much disappointed in Jack.

"I'll tell you now," if the fir pillow really does her any good," he said to me in a light, flippant way that quite vexed me, as he bade us good-bye a few days later. A telegram had come to him from the distant city, and although I knew we should all miss the bright young fellow, I was heartily glad of anything that would take him away from beautiful Muriel Fales. Not that I had aught against her; on the contrary, I was charmed with her grandeur, or glory if with their crimson and gold. When the thunder rolls across the bay, those lofty lips will seem to have spoken, and the snow of winter will drift around it like a drifting veil.

Through the bronze goddess stands motionless and firm, she seems but a moment ago to have assumed the attitude which she will retain through centuries to come. She has stepped forward, and halted, and raised her torch into the sky. There is energy without effort, and movement combined with repose. Her aspect is grave almost to sternness; yet her flawless features wear the serenity of power and confidence. Her message is the sublimest ever brought to man, but she is adequate to its delivery. In her left hand she holds a tablet inscribed with the most glorious of our memories, the birthday of the Republic. No words are needed to interpret her meaning for her gesture and her countenance speak the universal language, and their utterance reaches to the purest depths of the human soul.

The crowd thronged around her pedestal and looked up at against the front of a mountain cliff. The steaming vapors drifted around her crowned head; she appeared a part of the heavens, divine, and yet human, founded upon a rock. She filled the eyes and satisfied the imagination. Antiquity never gave birth to anything so great, either in spirit or in substance. She is the genius of America, because America is herself the symbol of whatever is noblest and of greatest hope in the world.—Julian Hawthorne in the New York World.

One day, however, there came to me, as well as to Muriel, a letter from Jack, and as it will explain to you the whole situation, especially the romance of the pillow, far better than my garrulous talk could do, I am going to give it to you in full:

"My Dear Miss Hawthorne—I promised to tell you how it all happened, you so kindly helped me to make for my poor Angela pussy really did her any good. Mother's letters about her quite worried me while I was with you at the mountain, for she is of rare breed, and is a great pet with us. The doctors told us her sickness was a case of confirmed consumption, but since sleeping on the fir pillow, her cough has grown less frequent and her appetite is decidedly better. I think she fully appreciates, too, the delicate, strawberry fragrance we took the long, pleasant walk around the mountain to secure. If she recovers, as I now feel almost sure she will, I hope to have the pleasure of presenting her to you—the kind benefactor to whose infinite patience and forbearance she owes the pretty fir pillow upon which she is soundly sleeping at the present writing.

"One word more before I close. Congratulations, dear Miss Hawthorne, upon having won for my

own, the dearest, sweetest little woman in all the wide world. Muriel will tell you all about it. Ecstasically yours, JACK TURNER. Harper's Bazar.

AS A WORK OF ART.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE BARTHOLOMEW STATUE.

A Solid Bronze never looked more ethereal than when, on the afternoon of Oct. 28, the great flotilla of steamships drew near, through the hazy rain, to the statue on Liberty Island. A dusky film reared itself against the pallid sky, like a shadow cast upon a transparency. It seemed as unobstantial as a vision, though its outlines were full of grandeur and repose. Approached more closely, the great form slowly solidified and towered higher and higher aloft, as if it were drifting towards us through the sea-fog, a mysterious daughter of the ocean, becoming incarnate while we gazed upon her. And when, at length, we lay within the sweep, as it were, of her uplifted arm, and could distinguish the folds and fall of her garments, and apprehend the pose of her majestic figure, the spell of wonder and silence descended upon us, children of Liberty as we were, standing for the first time in the presence of our mighty mother.

This statue is certainly the outcome of a sublime imagination, working for noble ends. There is, it is true, a brutal sort of impressiveness in gigantic size alone; but in this work the design is of such quality that even the miniature models, which have become so familiar to New Yorkers, arrest the attention by their dignity. There is nothing small in the treatment: the lines and composition are vast in their quality, as well as in their dimensions—vast and simple. The conception is as great as the accomplished reality. It is a thing which takes its place quietly and naturally in the midst of the broad scene of which it is the culmination; it is at once at home there; though it awes, it does not astonish; once in its place, it seems to have stood there since the dawn of time. The rain and mists were its friends and familiars; and the sunshine will rest upon it as fittingly as upon the peak of a mountain, and the clouds, at noon and sunset, will form a part of its grandeur, or glorify it with their crimson and gold. When the thunder rolls across the bay, those lofty lips will seem to have spoken, and the snow of winter will drift around it like a drifting veil.

Without appearing to look round he glanced at the opposite side of the car and beheld the other occupants of the car to be two pretty young ladies, and realizing the true condition of affairs he resolved to keep up the appearance he had created by continuing the silent talk without noticing the young ladies. One of the girls was a Pueblo belle, and the other a visitor from Colorado Springs. The conversation carried on by them was about as follows:

Visiting belle—Do you know who they are?

Pueblo belle—The opposite one you is connected with the Chief: I don't know the other one.

V. B.—I wonder if he ain't from the asylum at Colorado Springs. I think I have seen him before.

P. B.—I don't know. It must be awful to be so one can't speak. How do you suppose they swear when they get mad? You know most men do swear sometimes.

V. B.—I wouldn't mind flirting with that little fellow if he didn't look so much like a preacher.

P. B.—Don't do it, pray; the one opposite you knows me, and he is a most modest and exemplary young man, and I don't think he would flirt with anyone.

A line of conversation like this was kept up until the ladies reached their destination and left the car. When this meets their eyes they will know that both of the "intelligent young men" were not mutes, and wonder if they said anything that they wouldn't have said had they known it then.—Pueblo Chief.

Sayings of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through without sticking.

God bless all good women. To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

When a strong mind is weighed with a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it.

If the sense of the ridiculous is one side of an irrepressible nature, it is very well; but if that is all there is in a man, he had better have been an ape at once.

given up your gun, and now what are you going to do?"

The young Atlantan turned pale, and reaching for his pocket drew a big six-shooter, and preparing for business said in a voice that could not be misunderstood:

"Gimme that gun or I'll blow a hole through you in a pair of minutes!"

The officer instantly decided not to "monkey" any further with the raw recruit, and the gun was promptly unrendered.—Atlanta Constitution.

Sight seeing and sympathy.

Frank W. Smith, a San Francisco journalist representing the *Mining and Scientific Press* of that city, has been in Pueblo a day or so looking up smelting matters for the *Press*. Yesterday, in company with our reporter, who by the way bears the honored name of Smith—and, as our home readers well know, is a mute—the visiting newspaper man "took in" the numerous smelting and reduction works. The Chiefsten representative being well known to all and familiar with the workings of the different plants showed up the leading industry of the "Pittsburg" of the west to the visitor in a manner calculated to do the most good. Mr. Smith speaks in glowing terms of our city and its outlook, and thinks Denver has just cause to be jealous of our growing and substantial importance as a great city. During the tour of the smelters, while on the street cars the Smiths enjoyed themselves in discussing the importance of many great works now in progress; the conversation being carried on with the fingers—the visitor being an expert and our reporter, it is needless to remark, from necessity has the work down fine. Not a word was spoken and so animated was the "silent" confab between the two, that parties getting on and off the car thought the pantomiming journalists were both mutes. Smith of the *Press* was too much engaged in asking information to notice the impression he was creating until he heard some one remark: "Isn't it too bad to see two such intelligent men unable to speak or hear?"

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Travelers change their guineas, not their characters.

There are three little wicks to the lamp of a man's life—brain, blood and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs, and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centres of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold and darkness.

AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS.

WHAT A MOTHER'S LOVE AND PATIENCE ACCOMPLISHED.

A Philadelphia lady, while in Paris last summer, noticed sitting opposite at the table a little boy about nine years old, who attracted her attention by constantly looking at her. When the boy saw what seemed to be a look of encouragement he bowed and smiled. When the lady and the boy met in the halls he would bow and evidently try to say "Good Morning" or "Good Evening." But he made only a faint sound. This seemed so strange that the lady asked a servant why the child never made any noise, for, although he played, he never shouted as did the other children. The answer was: "He was born dumb."

This statement excited the lady's interest, and one day she took occasion to speak to the mother. One of the first things the mother said was: "You know my boy cannot hear?" Then she told of her life's work. She is a native of New York State, about 44 years of age, and her husband is a United States naval officer. The first five years of her married life was spent in Washington, D. C. Her oldest child when born was what is generally called "deaf and dumb."

This mother said that children are born deaf but never dumb, that all babies make a noise when they cry. She also said that if mothers whose children were born without the sense of hearing would teach the little ones to distinguish for themselves the sounds that are pleasant from those that are disagreeable, by the position of the mouth and throat, there would be fewer dumb persons in the world, perhaps none.

This mother discovered, when her boy was 5 years old, that he was not developing the power of speech and that some unusual efforts must be made to encourage him. She gave up all society to devote herself to him. She inquired into all the methods then known for educating the dumb, and tried them. She has had seven children, only two of whom are living, the oldest boy now 20, and the other 9 years old, and they are both deaf.

Sixteen of the past twenty years she has spent in hospitals, asylums, institutions and medical schools. She has mastered and tried each new method as it has been developed. She has not only learned all that could help her to teach and educate her children but has also acquired a perfect knowledge of the human body. Nerves, bones, muscles, all have been studied by her. She met with much opposition, not only from outside critics but from members of her own and her husband's family, who looked upon her afflicted children as "a visitation of Providence."

Her answer was that she was not conscious of having committed a sin which deserved so great a punishment, and she did not intend to sit down and accept it until she made a desperate effort to at least lighten the burden of her children's affliction. And now, after sixteen years, the oldest boy can talk so well that scarcely any one is aware of his affliction, and the younger one is steadily improving, but he does not know that he is different from others, and thinks that to understand every one must look at the talker. This is lip-reading. At the table or anywhere that his mother wishes him to know anything, and does not want to attract attention by having him turn his head to look at her, she can talk to him by placing the palm of her hand against the palm of his hand. By touching different places she can tell him what she wishes him to know. Each joint or amount of the fingers and hand represents a letter of the alphabet. He reads in this way with marvelous rapidity, and can answer with equal quickness. She can also talk to him by placing her hand on his shoulders, where different parts are understood to represent the different letters. He has been taught to write in a style which looks very much like Arabic, and no matter what the sentence, or more difficult still, the proper name, he can read it better than an average child of his age can read a strange

name. Each stroke, each shade of this strange writing indicates a position of the mouth, throat or tongue. The child is as bright and clever as other children, and much more affectionate than most boys.

So much for the child. Now think of what this mother has done! She has not only had to clothe and educate her children, and see that they were sent to good schools, but she has had to go day by day for sixteen years side by side with these children; has been their only teacher; has had to devote nearly every waking hour of each day to them. There has not been one month's rest from the work, nor has she been able to feel that at the end of a year or two the work would be done. It will never be done until they can talk and be like other boys and men. She gives at least four hours every day to the personal instruction of the little child, and two or three hours more to reading and study, that she may always be in a condition of mental alert to meet any emergency. For many years she was haunted by the fear that she might fail; but her success has exceeded her fondest hopes. She is bright and happy, and thinks very little of her great and beautiful selfishness, believing that she has only done what her hand found to do.

One day she said: "If you ever meet any mothers with deaf children, called dumb, tell them there are no dumb children. Tell them of mine, and what a mother's love and patience can do." Could a woman more worthily bear the name of mother than this one does? And there have been few women who have so richly deserved a crown and a great reward for an exercise of patience and love.—*Philadelphia Record*, Nov. 28.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. T. Byrne, of Cincinnati, is still in this city, selling notions. He says that he is trying to obtain something to do, and better his condition.

Miss Alice Winch, a wonderful and beautiful girl, has gone to her home in Pennsylvania, on account of her being thrown out of employment here.

Mr. Jacob Weber has returned home, after an absence of four weeks, spent in hunting in Wellington, where the Stodler brothers reside. He says that he has had a good time there.

Mr. E. R. Carroll, who left his poor wife last spring, has not been seen or heard of for a long time. Any one furnishing information concerning his whereabouts and doings will be thankfully received by his wife.

Mr. Frank Friday has succeeded in obtaining employment at a machine shop. We hope he will be successful and happy.

DEAF-MUTES' THANKSGIVING.

The deaf-mutes of Cleveland had their annual Thanksgiving party at the residence of Mr. John J. Veils, corner of Bridge and Randall Streets. Refreshments were partaken of, after which conversation in the sign language, and dancing were indulged in until midnight. Among those present were George Reading and wife; Hiram Bard and wife; Mrs. E. R. Carroll; Frank Friday, and David Newhouse. Mr. Bard has an interesting son of four years, who can hear and speak, although both of his parents are deaf.

The child and his parents converse quite readily in the sign language. The people take a great interest in the eight months old child of Mr. Reading. It can hear and begin to say "pa," "pa."

JOHN.

A Western Bird.

In the west there is a bird known as the road runner. This bird hates the rattlesnake. Why, it is hard to tell, but it is probable that the snake preys upon the birds, both old and young. These birds have a queer way of destroying their enemy. When they discover a rattlesnake asleep in the sun, they are very careful not to waken it. But they go to work and build a fence around it. For the fence they gather the detached leaves of the prickly pear. These leaves are covered with sharp spines. They pile up the leaves until they have quite a fence all around the snake. Then one of the birds flies down and pecks it. This wakens the snake and it strikes and wounds itself on the spines. It becomes more and more angry, but at every move it makes it only hurts itself the more on the leaves which surround it. At last either in its efforts to escape or get at its enemy it impales itself on the sharp spines and either dies from that cause, or is killed by the birds. The writer, who tells this story, says he has often seen a pair of these birds at work for several hours, hauling the leaves a considerable distance to pile around their sleeping foe. These prickly-pear corals are frequently found in Arizona with the skeleton of a dead rattlesnake in the center.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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THE GALLAUDET HOME.

For many years it has been the ambition of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet to provide a Home for the aged and infirm deaf-mutes of this State, and at last his efforts have been rewarded and his wishes found realization in what has been very appropriately named "The Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes." As our readers already know, a fine and substantial building and several acres of land have been purchased near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and thither the inmates of the temporary place of refuge on Thirteenth Street, this city, have been moved. The fund did not reach a sufficient amount to enable the Trustees to pay all the price asked, so that a mortgage was placed upon the Home as security for the \$15,000 still unpaid. Efforts are being steadily made to pay off this mortgage, notably by Mr. C. R. Thomson, one of New York's most intelligent semi-mutes, who has raised over \$1000 in a few weeks. But aside from the payment of this debt, another problem presents itself—namely, the support of the Home. Although in the future it is hoped that the Home will be largely—if not entirely—self-supporting, at the present time the greatest difficulty is encountered in meeting the current expenses of maintaining it. In the history of almost every benevolent establishment it has been found that the most trying period was at the beginning. It would be strange if the Home had proved an exception to the rule, and become prosperous and self-maintaining from its inauguration. The object now is to tide over the critical period. To this end, an association of deaf-mutes in process of organization, the requirements of membership being that each deaf-mute who shall become connected with it must pay at least one dollar per annum. As there are over 5000 deaf-mutes in the State New York, it will readily be seen that all that is required is concerted effort. On the 14th of this month Dr. I. L. Peet will conclude his lecture, which was begun at the meeting held in November. The so-called "aristocrats" are all expected to be present, and what Mr. Bond terms the "rougher element" will find themselves cordially received, and their humble contributions as thankfully acknowledged and as much appreciated as the larger, though probably not more liberal, donations of their more prosperous brethren. Remember what Christ said about the widow's mite. Let all the charitably disposed be present on the 14th, and give this good and philanthropic undertaking a decided boom. A dollar a year is less than two cents a week, and there are hundreds of deaf-mutes in and around Gotham who can spare this insignificant sum and never feel the loss. "What we frankly give, forever is our own."

The interest of the deaf-mutes of this city and vicinity is at present monopolized by the ball of the Gallaudet Club, which comes off in Lyric Hall, Sixth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, to-morrow evening. The Gallaudet Club was founded about five years ago with the purpose of doing honor to the elder Gallaudet, by celebrating the anniversary of his birth in a fitting manner, and since its organization the Club has each year, on December 10th, made the day memorable with a banquet or other entertainment. To-morrow evening, the good custom inaugurated at the Club's inception, will once more be adhered to, and all who may be present to help give zest and enjoyment to the occasion, will be cordially welcomed by the members of the Gallaudet Club.

ITEMIZER.

The pupils of the Colorado Institution will give a grand entertainment on the 6th inst.

David Boyce, deaf and dumb, was run over by the cars recently at Kankakee, Ill., and instantly killed.

Charles Angle is in Kansas at present, and intends to make a trip through Colorado this winter.

Fred. W. Wood writes that "Mayflower" is wrong in saying he is engaged to be married. Such is not the case.

Miss Saddle Gregg, of East Gainesville, N. J., who has been paying her dear sister a visit since last October, expects to return home in the Spring.

Mrs. Emma Cogswell, wife of Marion E. Cogswell, of Marion, N. Y., died suddenly on the 22d of November, at the age of twenty-four years. She was a devoted wife, and esteemed by all who knew her.

Will T. F. Driscoll please be obliging enough to send his address to his friend when he met on Willowby Street on the evening of October 19th. His friend's address is 138 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Kane, of Lewiston, Me., made John F. Webb and John Irwin, of South Windham, a two days' visit on their fine farm. They next drove to Deerling Corner with Mr. Webb, where they met some deaf-mutes at Mrs. B. Stevens. They all had a good time.

A tea was given by Mrs. James Lewis, on November 10th, at her residence in West 18th Street. Mrs. Lewis received her guests, assisted by Miss Sarah Howard. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Carlin, Mrs. Ship, Mr. and Mrs. MacDougal, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, Mr. Barnes and Miss Noble.

Wm. E. Schenck, of Cranbury, N. J., was in Danbury, Ct., on the 27th ult., and called on his old schoolmate, Wm. H. Terhush, who has a comfortable home and a nice speaking wife. They went to Mount Visco together, and at the prayer-meeting they met Misses Smith and Taylor, who had come to spend Thanksgiving.

On the 24th ult., Wm. E. Schenck, accompanied Henry Schenck, of Freehold, N. J., on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Leary, at Tarrytown, N. Y., where they enjoyed a few days. Mr. Leary lives comfortably, and has been employed at the shoe factory there for many years. They also called on Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and Mr. and Mrs. Van Tassel.

Mrs. John F. Dixon, nee Mary Ellen Colley, of Portland, Me., died very suddenly Nov. 24, 1886, aged 33 years. Mrs. Dixon was taken ill with cramp in the stomach, while walking on the street Monday afternoon. She was taken home and died Tuesday morning. Mrs. D. was a graduate of Hartford, and her husband received his education in the Institution at Halifax, N. S.

J. F. Donnelly, the genial President of St. Joseph's Union, so they say, is engaged to be married on the 25th of this month, to one of Brooklyn's fairest mute daughters, Miss Lizzie Florence Gardiner. Everybody, who knows Miss Gardiner, knows that she is the handsomest young lady in Brooklyn, possessing as she does all the personal charms that go to make any young girl feel proud of such a wife. We regret we were not fortunate enough to have been a member of that once famous Quod Club, nevertheless, we hope Jim will not forget to send us at least two crumbs of his wedding cake—now to eat, and one to put under our pillow, just before retiring, and dream of the day when we will follow and get a wife.

"Yum Yum" says something grand in the way of a sociable is to take place in Brooklyn on Christmas evening, which is expected to surpass anything of the kind held in that city for several years. The party will be held at the home of the Misses Annie and Edith Austin, and will be under the management of that renowned ladies' darling Carlo Le Clercq, who is laboring early and late to make it the chief event of the season. The lithographed invitations are handsome, and a specimen of Le Clercq's own work at that art. For the benefit of those who make it a habit of going, where they are not wanted, announcement is here made that only those receiving invitations will be admitted to this sociable. On the evening of January 1st, another affair of the same kind, equally as grand but smaller, will take place in Brooklyn, of which we will have something to say as the time draws near.

Bertha H. Treat, of Maine, got home all right having a smooth passage Thanksgiving day and made her dear Papa and Mamma a nice surprise by her presence, found them having company to a festival. She has had such a delightful time while away, and has been away from sweet home for about eight weeks. She visited Gardner, Mass., Winchendon, Hopkinton, Boston, Roxbury Chelsea, and other places. While she was in Chelsea she was given a grand party and was handsomely entertained at her cousin's. She visited many places of interest and had several elegant rides with a good-natured negro coachman. October has been so lively for her visit, and she was invited to go rowing with a few selected friends one beautiful moonlight evening in a very nicely made boat, and spent three hours on water. It was warm and summer-like. She made Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow a short visit before her return home, and enjoyed her visit very much.

Notice.

The usual services for Deaf-Mutes may be expected next Sunday, December 12th, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Mass., at 12 M. and 8 P.M., and in the Sunday school-room of St. Peter's Church, Cambridgeport, at 7 P.M.

GALLAUDET HOME

FUND FOR CURRENT EXPENSES.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet,	\$1 00
Mrs. Elizabeth B. Gallaudet,	1 00
Clement E. Thomson,	5 00
John Carlin,	1 00
Mrs. John Carlin,	1 00
Mrs. Sarah E. Ship,	1 00
W. O. Fitzgerald,	2 00
Mrs. W. O. Fitzgerald,	1 00
James Lewis,	1 00
Mrs. James Lewis,	1 00
S. M. Brown,	1 00
Mrs. S. M. Brown,	1 00
E. A. Hodgson,	1 00
W. Parker,	1 00
Gilbert Hicks,	2 00
Albert A. Barnes,	1 00
A. Friend,	5 00
Elizabeth J. Kinsella,	1 00
Mrs. Mary A. Kinsella,	1 00
Mary Frabill,	1 00
L. Newton Soper,	1 00

Proceeds received from Dr. I. L. Peet's lecture, 12 50
Total, \$42 50

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Dr. Gallaudet Back Again.

A GREAT VICTORY.

DRIFT.

(From our Washington Correspondent).

Our president, Dr. Gallaudet, after over a month's absence in Europe, returned on last Wednesday. A telegram announcing the day and hour at which he expected to arrive at Kendall Green had preceded him, and accordingly when he reached the college gate at nine Wednesday evening, the students were there en masse to receive him. The horses were quickly detached from the carriage and the students dragged it in triumph to the front of the Primary Department of the Institution, where a fine display of fireworks was made. The Doctor was then drawn to his residence, and upon alighting was saluted with a round of cheers, which he acknowledged by bowing right and left. Notwithstanding the numerous honors which have been lavished upon him in Europe, the Doctor has not changed at all, and has the same warm interest in the college and its students, which no amount of honor can ever destroy.

During the first part of the past week, arrangements were made by the Kendalls for a game of foot-ball with the Annapolis Naval Academy team, and Saturday noon the Kendalls, accompanied by some half-a-dozen students, went to Annapolis, arriving there at two o'clock. The team hurried to the Naval Academy, and as the train on which the Kendalls were to return was to leave at four o'clock, the game was begun as soon as the men could don their uniforms. One of the cadets was chosen referee, and on account of the limited time at the disposal of the visitors, it was agreed that the innings should be each thirty minutes in duration, with five minutes' intermission between them. The day was calm, cloudy, and the cold quite severe, and neither side could gain any advantage by the choice of goals. The Cadets won the kick-off and passing the ball backwards, formed a solid phalanx around the man with the ball, and tried to force their way through the Kendalls' ranks. Although this manoeuvre was new to the Kendalls, it was met effectively, and the Cadets were forced to down the ball. It was then passed back to the half-back, who fumbled the ball and let it drop. Marsh, of the Kendalls, quietly picked the ball up and started for the Cadets' goal, which the full-backs left unprotected, and although hotly chased by the half-back, who at every step made frantic grabs at the jacket of the flying Kendallite, Marsh managed to down the ball in goal. The ball was brought out, and James sent it neatly over the goal. A series of close scrimmages followed until the end of the first half, neither side scoring anything. After the intermission, some brisk play ensued, James, of the Kendalls, finally capturing the ball, as it was thrown backwards by the Cadets' quarter-back, and after a race on the dead run with half the field at his heels, succeeded in touching it down in goal. The touch-down, however, failed of giving a goal. The play went on first here and then there, until at length, Leitner, of the Kendalls, managed to get hold of the ball, and evading one or two of the Cadets, made a touch-down which gave a goal. During the remainder of the game neither side could score anything, although James got hold of the ball again and touched it in the Cadets' goal. This play was ruled unfair by the referee, on the ground that James had thrown the ball forward before he started to run with it. Time being now up, the game was given the Kendalls, by a score of 16 to 0.

On the 6th inst., another affair of the same kind, equally as grand but smaller, will take place in Brooklyn, of which we will have something to say as the time draws near.

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At the meeting of the Literary Society last Friday evening, it was expected that Dr. A. G. Bell would deliver an address, but as he was prevented from doing so by illness, Dr. Gallaudet gave a very interesting account of a twelve days' visit to the Yellowstone Park. The Doctor's description of the wonders of that fair-land were most vivid, and in a lecture where every point was equally good, it would be unfair to try to give any account in the limited space at our disposal. The Doctor's lecture was heartily and deservedly applauded at its close. A debate followed on the question: "Resolved, That the order of Knights of Labor confers a benefit upon Society?" Messrs. Lipsett, '89, and Hagerty, '90, spoke on the Affirmative side, and Messrs. Maginn, '89, and Zorn, '90, on the Negative. The decision of the judges was in favor of the Negative. A laughable dialogue followed between Messrs. Tellier, '89, Regensberg, '90, and Round, '91, and the exercises concluded with a declamation by Mr. Spahr, '89.

Professor Draper returned on Monday from Aurora, Ill., where he had been summoned by a telegram announcing the death of his mother. In a foot-ball game played on Thursday last, a team composed of the pupils of the High Class of the Kendall School, beat the college second eleven by a score of 10 to 0.

The first snow of the season fell on Saturday afternoon, and continued to fall steadily until Sunday noon, burying the ground to the depth of some four inches. This is a good deal more snow than is usual in Washington during the first week of December.

Some excitement was caused on Thursday by the burning of a car loaded with hay on a side track of the B. & O. R. R., near the college foot-ball grounds. The car caught fire from a spark from a passing locomotive, and a damage of about five hundred dollars was done.

It has been decided to give an open and shadow pantomime entertainment during the Christmas holidays and the following committee has been selected to make the arrangements: E. P. Cleary, '87, Chairman; M. McCarthy, '87, H. Gross, '88, J. E. Standacher, '88, H. VanAllen, '89, J. Long, '89, T. Hagerty, '90, W. Zorn, '90, E. Long, '91, and W. Round, '91.

Some one has kindly sent the reading room an Indianapolis paper containing an account of a foot-ball game played on Thanksgiving day between a local college team and an eleven consisting principally of deaf-mutes who were formerly connected with the Kendalls. The fact that the deaf-mutes managed to score forty-one points to their opponents' nothing, does credit to their college training in athletic sports.

Prof. Draper's sermon, yesterday, was on the subject of hymns and hymn-writing.

December 6, '86.

On My Rounds.

Very few muties probably know of my connection with the New York State Press Association—not Associated Press—as a reporter, and for that reason, I will have to impress them with the fact in order to enable them to fully comprehend what I mean by "My Rounds."

I have to make my rounds as every reporter does, and in one of such rounds, a few days ago, I had the good fortune to copy for the daily press, the official order of Gen. Geo. Washington to have the troops withdrawn from Brooklyn after the Battle of Long Island. The original paper was presented to the Island Historical Society, which is preparing a book on the "Battle of Long Island."

In another round, I met a laborer, who told me that he used to work in the caisson of the great East River bridge with a deaf-mute. When the caisson because deeper and deeper, it was very dangerous to work in it. The deaf-mute, according to the story of the laborer, went down one morning, and as the air was so close the mute at once bled from the nose and ears. After recovering consciousness, he found he had recovered his hearing and speech, but he died a short time after recovering from the shock.

Still another round brings to light this amusing incident. While I was in the Surrogate's office copying from the minutes of the court, a will case, a lawyer told me that he was once traveling out West with a party of friends. In one of the cars, a deaf and dumb man placed a card on the lap of each passenger. On the front of the card was the deaf and dumb alphabet, while on the back were a few Biblical verses. The mute began collecting his cards from those who were not inclined to buy, and his nickels from those more inclined to generosity.

When the mute reached a clean-shaven, round-faced man, he was surprised and somewhat indignant to find the round-faced man smiling at his card. The mute was told that the biblical verses were all humbugs and that his single and double handed alphabets were better than the verses from the bible. The mute looked severe at the round-faced man, so the lawyer said, But there was not the least disguise in the intentions of the round-faced man, and he pulled out a brand new silver dollar, but the mute failed to find any change. The generous round-faced man allowed the mute to pocket the dollar for a five-cent card with the double and single handed alphabet on one side and the biblical verses on the other side. The

mute changed his serious countenance to a pleasant smile, and asked the gentleman his name.

"Robert Ingersoll, of New York," was the laconic answer. And the mute stepped to the next car as excited as a hare and as red in the face as a fresh boiled lobster.

If I happen to pick up any more incidents on the rounds, I will pen them for the readers of the JOURNAL.

Yours as ever,
W. A. BOND.
BROOKLYN, November 29, 1886.

HIS LOST CHILD IN A CAVE.

HIS DAUGHTER CAPTURED WHEN VERY YOUNG BY THE INDIANS AND IS SAID BY A SORCERER, AND FINALLY AFTER MANY YEARS RESTORED TO HER FATHER.

WASHINGTON, IDAHO, Nov. 23.—Local papers published an account two months ago of the discovery of a wild girl in the mountains forty miles from this place. As a result of the publication, one of the greatest mysteries of the far West has been solved. Mr. G. N. Holbrook of Denver, Col., read the reports and recognized the "wild girl" as his own daughter.

After being mourned as dead for nine years, she comes forth as from the grave and is restored to her father. A hunter, while wandering in the depths of the Salmon River Mountains, far from the habitations of man, saw before him a beautiful lake, in the grandest, wildest, natural settings—great cedars with pendant festoons of moss and towering columns of granite. A fair girl, unadorned, unclothed except by a fleecy wealth of golden hair, stood waist deep in the water. She looked with a nervous stare that betrayed a wild nature. She sprang from the water and disappeared in a black, yawning cavern. The man of the chase was not romantic. There might be such a thing as a mermaid, but he did not believe in ghosts. He hastened to the camp. It was dark when he found his comrades by the log fire. They were old hunters and knew not fear. They story of a lone girl in that gloomy solitude was related.

The flickering flames cast shadows more weird; when the owl hooted and the echoes died away the stillness seemed oppressive. The three Nimrods visited the lake next morning. The same fair creature was standing at the foot of the cliff beyond the water. She was clothed in the skins of wild animals; her hair was blown by the light breeze in fluffy ringlets about her shoulders. She was startled—looked for a moment and fled. The explorers did not trespass upon the strange lady's sacred precincts.

SEARCHING THE VALLEY.

When they returned to the valley their story was widely circulated, and a newspaper correspondent, accompanied by some daring cowboys, decided to trace the rumor to the fountain-head. They found a beautiful, untrodden, grassy valley of an area of 100 acres around two sides of what is known on the surveyor's maps as Moose Lake. Few white men have ever passed through the dense forests and rugged depths to look down into the sheltered dell. No signs of life were apparent when the untripped water reflected back the gray moss-covered wall of rocks that stood so nearly perpendicular on the border. The entrance to the cave could be seen, but only the black side and arches marked the home of the object of the search.

The investigators passed up the uneven, worn stone steps up to the door of the subterranean domicile of the apparition or angel. They paused, they peered, but all was hidden in the heavy shadows. They hallooed; an echo answered as from a well. A stir in the passage and a frightful visage was seen, with tangled strings of gray hair dangling, with blinking, watery, red eyes glaring, as a feeble trembling Indian, tottered forward. His attitude was that of defiance as he placed himself in the door of his dungeon, but the withered form and palsied arm were a miserable caricature of the warrior of fifty years ago. He was pushed aside. The reckless men rushed forward, guided by a torch, through a winding tunnel into a great cave with many angular recesses and uneven roof and walls. Corners and columns divided the vast interior into apartments. One of these divisions was the wild girl's boudoir. Seated on a robe, in convulsions of fright, was a well-developed maiden of twelve years. The torch dazzled her sight. She turned her face from the intruders and bowed her head and sobbed pitifully. They did not approach her, but turned away and passed from her presence, filled with sorrow and moved with sympathy, which her intense emotion seemed to communicate to even these thoughtless young men of the plains.

The withered old guardian was found to be dumb. When addressed in the Nez Perces Indian language he could understand, but replied only with signs. These facts were published when the party returned to civilization, and Mr. Holbrook, in his far off Colorado home, read them several weeks after the discovery. He traveled with all possible speed to the Salmon River Valley, his former home, and soon organized a party to assist in the rescue, including two of the company that had made the exploration on the previous occasion.

MEETING OF FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

The faithful Indian was guarding his door. He offered no resistance at the entrance, but trotted on before as the invaders passed the narrow door and led the way to where the girl sat. She was wrapped in furs to keep warm. The anxious father rushed forward to clasp his daughter to his bosom, but

that old relic of a noble race placed his warped frame between father and child. Like a man of straw the Indian was pushed away. No word of meaning but a wail of anguish burst from his lips. The girl sprang to her feet. The father was hurled back as if he had tried to embrace a tigress. The Indian was addressed in his native tongue by one of the cowboys, and gave signs, after some delay, that he understood the situation. He communicated to the frightened child by signs and grunts, and she settled down on the robe and stared with wild eyes at those around her. After a long one-sided conversation, the old cave-dweller expressed his consent that his ward should go with her father. She could speak no language, but was quieted by a pantomime on the part of her protector. To make the story short, Mr. Holbrook, by a great deal of persuasion and some force, succeeded in getting his daughter to the house of a friend. The old Indian accompanied the party, and is aiding in the work of taming the "wild girl" and teaching her to talk before starting across the continent and separating her from the only human who can communicate with her.

THE STORY OF THE CAPTURE AND RESCUE.

In 1877 Mr. Holbrook was engaged in the stock business on Salmon river. The first raid of Joseph's warriors was in that country, and Mrs. Holbrook and three-year-old child were taken prisoners. Mrs. Holbrook was released after fearful torture, but never recovered from the injuries and nervous shock. The little girl was supposed to have been murdered. It now transpires that she was rescued by the old dumb Indian and carried to his lonely home, where she lived nine years without hearing a human voice or seeing a human being except the deformed and feeble old man. This old Indian was once a member of the Nez Perces tribe, but was decided to be a sorcerer, or a witch, and was condemned to have his tongue cut out and be banished. For years, too far back to be reckoned on the tablets of the aboriginal intellect, he has lived in that gloomy cave. He has made visits to the settlement and traded furs to the whites for powder and lead. Fish, game, roots and berries have been the only food, and the skins of wild animals the only clothing in all those years of loneliness.

Reminiscences of the Great Rebellion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—I often keep wondering why any of your readers having seldom or never mentioned to you in your valuable paper of their adventurous doings during the war, as nearly all the newspapers in the United States containing some thrilling stories published every year, weekly and monthly, ever since the war ended. If you will allow me to state in your columns about myself, I will do so with much pleasure. Well, I, my family and all the relatives resided in the border state of Indiana on the Ohio River bank, about one hundred and twenty miles below Louisville, Ky. A cavalry regiment was stationed at Cammerton, expecting to capture the famous confederate Gen. John Morgan, and his guerilla band, of whom I have, no doubt, heard so much. Well, one morning early, in company with my brother-in-law and three or four men, went to work in the coal mines about a mile from the town, it being very dark in the morning, and the cavalry having a campfire put at the end of the town a little distance from the public road, when, on passing by it one of the sentinels shouted "halt," then the men stopped, but I kept walking on in spite of the sentinel. This alarmed my brother-in-law greatly, when on seeing me in a dangerous situation, he begged the sentinel not to shoot at me, telling him that I was deaf, so he allowed my brother to run after me to stop. Well, what my feeling was on learning of the news you can imagine yourself better than I could describe it here. No wonder I was frightened. Then my brother told the sentinel we were ready to answer questions he might put to us. He asked who we were. We answered we were coal-diggers. He said, "pass on." I am sorry to say that my brother-in-law is dead. He died in Kentucky about three years ago. May the merciful Heaven reward him for saving my life. There is another story I am going to tell you about a deaf-mute coming nearly getting shot, as I learned it from my friend, by the name of Captain J. Whittaker, of the 53d Regiment Indiana Volunteers, this captain being brother-in-law to my brother, now living near Pittsburg, Pa. The captain and about twenty men were sent out to reconnoitre round the country in Tennessee or Mississippi (I forget which), acting as skirmishers after rebels. One of the privates, by the name of Geo. Gordon, a friend of mine, now residing in Kentucky, saw a man in the distance. He raised his musket to aim at the stranger. This stranger instantly held his arms up to sign that he was a deaf-mute, when the private, on seeing him in gesture, called the captain's attention to this stranger to know what to do with him. The captain beckoned the deaf-mute to come up to him so that he might take him under guard, marching along to the headquarters of Gen. Veatch, on the supposition that he was a spy. The captain could talk with both hands well, having known me from infancy in England. Well, when Gen. Veatch put questions to the deaf-mute, inquiring of him to give an account of himself as to why he was strolling

round there, the deaf-mute assured Gen. Veatch that he was not acting treacherously so the official came to the conclusion that it was no use to put the poor fellow to death, or take him as a prisoner, so he was ordered to leave and never to come across the Union line again. I regret to say that I did not learn his name; but should he happen to read this account, I should be much obliged to know his name by reporting to this paper, or address to me, as I would like to know whether he is dead or alive. Now I must tell you the name of our neighbor town, across the Ohio River opposite to us. Its name was Hawesville, in the county of Hancock, Ky., and those people pretended to be loyal to the Union, but we had to have a gunboat stationed on our side of the river to keep these loyal people quiet, and there were dark days when you could not trust your friends. I think Kentucky sent out as many rebel soldiers as the rebel states that went out of the Union. What kept them from seceding was for fear they might lose all their slaves long before Abraham Lincoln sent out his proclamation. These slaves lived so near Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, that they would lose them before they were made free. No wonder Harriet Beecher Stowe could write such a truthful book as Uncle Tom's Cabin, living so near to slavery as she did. She knew their grievances and trials. I have seen several auctions of those poor blacks; but now they are free, and I think it best they are, as America never could be called truly free until they were.

J. TAYLOR.

Correcting Rev. Job Turner.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please allow me to have a space in your valuable and interesting paper to correct a mistake which I think Rev. Job Turner made in his Jackson (Miss.) letter, dated October 25th. He stated that Prof. A. K. Martin had the honor of presiding over three different Deaf and Dumb Institutions. That was correct, but not the Missouri Institution, but the Mississippi, as principal; then the Louisiana as superintendent; and last, the Missouri, as Vice-Superintendent.

If I am not mistaken, I refer this to the cousin of the deceased Superintendent Kerr, and I hope he will kindly furnish us a history of the deceased's life.

Very Respectfully,
MATTHEW P. SLATE.
OXFORD, Miss., Nov. 25, 1886.

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 39.

KENDALL GREEN, Washington, D. C., December 4, 1886.

Received from John C. Jump, of pupil in the Kendall School at Washington, D. C., \$1.00
Received through Dr. T. Rogers, collected by pupils of the South Carolina Institution, as follows:
By J. Lewis, \$1.00
" Lewis Myers, 15 00
" Charlie Holton, 7 15
" George Strong, 8 85
" Walter H. Smith, 3 00
" Luther Rhodes, 6 50
" Thomas Carter, 35 00
" Miss Lena Fellers, 15 00
" Hamble Gooding, 5 20

Total \$92.50

Received through P. B. Gulick, of New Jersey, from the Kendall School at Washington, D. C., \$1.00
P. O. Chapman, 3 00
W. M. Satter, 1 00
Isaac R. Bowler, 1 00
Charles A. Bland, 1 00
R. B. Lloyd, 1 00
Mrs. Henry N. Holler, Reigolvale, 25
Thomas Irwin, Shamokin, Pa., 10
Malton Bell, Shackleton, 1 00

Collected in Baltimore, Md., through James S. Wells, (Henrietta Wicks, Collector.)

Mrs. Barbara Fischer, 1 00
Mollie Barhart, 1 00
Mollie Cook, 25 00
Alice Spencer, 1 00
Robert and Cora, 3 00
Katie Bruck, 1 00
Dina Tarn, 50 00
Henrietta Wicks, 1 00

Total \$87.75

Received, through John C. Crevel, Principal, collected by the following pupils of the West Virginia Institution:
Annie Montgomery, 2 40
John C. Campbell, 1 50
Laura Barnes, 2 25
J. P. Caylor, 2 00
W. T. O. Linnville, 1 00
Alice Scholch, 1 00
Maggie Scholch, 1 00
Miss Burles, 1 00
Bessie Wayman, 5 00
Rufus Callison, 5 25
Dan Rollins, 4 00
Rufus W. Davis, 4 39
Maurice Rollman, 1 10

Total \$40.90

Total net receipts, \$152.00

Am't acknowledged in last bulletin, 400 17

Total cash received, 852 17

Other cash already mentioned, 8,567 51

Total cash assets, \$4,509 68

AMOS G. DRAPEL, Treasurer.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Return Debate.

THIS TIME, NEW YORK.

Co-operation vs. Competition.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Philadelphia, which from time immemorial, has been known as the "City of Brotherly Love," followed the example of New York, and gave a debate, the proceeds of which will go to swell the Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

All things considered, the subject chosen, could not have been more appropriate, for in the conception of "brotherly love" on the one side, it will readily be seen, that hand in hand with "co-operation" they form a prominent part in promoting the virtue and happiness of mankind, while on the other hand, no city could be better represented to support "competition" in connection with its adaptability in promoting these qualities than New York, as it is there presumably that the greatest amount of competition is to be found.

When with this is considered the high standing of the debaters themselves, it will appear the debate must have been extremely interesting, as indeed it was, and the result as decided by the judges, was so done, that but four points prevented the losing side coming out victors.

It took place in the chapel of the Philadelphia Institution, which at 8.15 p.m., on the evening of the 3d inst., contained an audience of some two hundred and fifty, composed of pupils, attaches and friends of the Institution, and graduates to the number of about eighty.

Owing to some misunderstanding on the part of the committee in charge, the judges representing Philadelphia were not decided on until the last moment, which caused a delay of some twenty minutes, and when the rules conducting the debate had at last been made out, the hands of the clock wanted but 25 minutes to nine. Each debator was to be allowed ten minutes in the first inning and five in the second, the two innings to conclude the debate, and the decision to rest with the judges.

At that time their "Honors" entered the chapel in single file, and it was seen they consisted of three: Messrs. John F. O'Brien, of New York, Rev. H. W. Syle, and R. M. Zeigler, of Philadelphia. The former out of courtesy being awarded the position of "chief judge" or spokesman.

After they had taken their positions on the bench, Prof. Elwell, in a few remarks, stated the debate would begin, and after pointing to the blackboard, on which appeared like the "writing on the wall," the question:— "Resolved, That Co-operation is more adapted to promote the Virtue and Happiness of Mankind than the Competition," he called on the first debator, who was to open for the affirmative side, Mr. Davidson, B.A., who had for a partner, Rev. Mr. Koehler, and whose opponents were two "foemen worthy of their steel," Messrs. E. A. Hodgson, M.A., and Thomas F. Fox, B.A.

When Mr. Davidson ascended the platform, a pallid look on the faces of those in the audience gave evidence of the excitement going on in their minds as to the probable result, and lest it might prove tiresome to those present not acquainted with the sign-language, Prof. Booth acted as interpreter for their benefit.

Mr. Davidson opened his discussion with a few explanatory remarks on the question, and then went on to show how much co-operation had to do with the promoting of the virtue and happiness of mankind. His points were telling and very well selected, and for the ten minutes he was arguing the scratching of the judges' pencils were heard so distinctly that it looked as if his score was going up into the nineties. On his last minute, he worked his arms with the evident intention getting all he could out of them, and resumed his seat amid a round of hand-clapping.

Mr. Hodgson was then called, ascending the rostrum, he turned facing the audience, put the lower button of his Prince Albert in its proper place; and with an almost imperceptible smile, greeted the audience, and began his argument. His points, too, were very well chosen, and in contradicting the statements made by Mr. Davidson, left no doubt in the minds of the audience that he (Mr. Hodgson) was in the right. Continuing, he endeavored to show how much virtue and happiness was due to the progress of science and industry, and that in the developing of these two latter pursuits competition was always uppermost, while there was no competition, but all co-operation, virtue and happiness would be comparatively unknown, or if known at all, to a very small degree. When time was up, it looked as if he had made a deep inroad on the score of Mr. Davidson, with a large increase to his own.

Mr. Koehler then made his bow, and in a modest way, brought out his points, which were sharp and about evenly divided. He tried to contradict the statements of his predecessor on the other side, and lent great weight to the unhappiness produced by competition, bringing to the fore the buggary compensation paid to working men and women by the competition of monopolies in their endeavors to sell this or that article of

merchandise at a lower rate than their neighbors. How much that competition had to do towards the unhappiness, and in many instances, the virtue of mankind; cited, as an example, the vigorous competition of that huge monopoly, the Standard Oil Company, and was warming up to his argument when he was politely told "time was up."

Prof. Fox then wound up the first inning for the opposing side. Brought to bear on the influence of the co-operation as practised by the Mormons, "how much did that co-operation promote the virtue and happiness of mankind?" Predicted that if all people were to co-operate in this way there would be no happiness. That competition was a necessity, as it tended to improve the facilities of a community, and in this way, the happiness of mankind was promoted. That in competition the mind was always induced to try and accomplish greater things, and that in the mind being active virtue was accordingly promoted. His arguments were more than pointed, they were convincing, and—but he had to retire, time being up.

The second innings of each was a series of counter arguments, but the small time allowed—five minutes—did not admit of many new points being given.

After twenty minutes had been consumed by the debators in their arguments, the judge retired. They were the jury to whom was given the verdict. Some said they were a packed jury and that they were being packed full of points.

The summing up took the judge nearly half an hour, and when at last they entered the chapel again, the lugubrious countenance of Chief Judge O'Brien, and the solemn looks of the two Philadelphia "Honors," gave very little hope to either side, though probably the audience surmised it meant a verdict in favor of the "Home team."

Prof. Elwell took his chair, all eyes were turned toward the spokesman, Rev. Mr. Syle went to the blackboard. "Mr. Spy" sighed "Ah, me!" and the rest of the audience, probably experienced a chill running down their back. Judge O'Brien had the verdict in his hand on a slip of paper, and after it was read from his fingers and through them interpreted by Prof. Booth, there was a scene of mighty confusion among the audience, a rush by a few enthusiasts toward Messrs. Hodgson and Fox, and the result was known. The negative side, represented by New York, had won—having received one hundred and fourteen points to their Quaker City's representatives' one hundred and eleven—which was a majority of three. Thus ended the return debate between Philadelphia and New York.

Tom Breen dropped in about 8 p.m., and did not seem to take the defeat to heart, if anybody else did. At the conclusion, he suggested another debate take place to decide the championship, with judges to be chosen from "Jarney." He was referred to the Committee.

"Wash" Houston made himself felt, as he generally does on all occasions, and bid adieu to the New Yorkers, promising to be at the Gallaudet Club Ball.

Most of the teachers, with hearing friends, as also Principal Cronter, were present, and seemed to enjoy the contest very much.

The New Yorkers were loud in their praise of the neat appearance of the boys in their natty gray uniforms.

Messrs. Zeigler and Davidson took the visiting delegation in hand, and made them feel at home.

Misses Foley, Post and Little, would have had the result in their favor had they been selected as Judges, but they were not.

"Violet" was present, and very attentive to the arguments presented, frequently clapping her hands as a point she considered talked one in favor of the affirmative side.

Mr. Zeigler's brother, with his little son, were among the audience, and enjoyed it immensely.

The receipts will probably reach somewhere near \$60, which shows that though one side lost, the debate helped the Memorial Fund, if it did not the home debators.

The result was generally conceded fair, and if appearances are not deceitful, everybody was satisfied.

The New York delegations enjoyed the hospitality of the Institution, and left Saturday morning on the 11 a.m. train.

Secretary Carr, of the L'Epee Association, talked banquet to everybody, and was loud in his praise of the debator's arguments.

"Mr. Spy" said, "I told you so," and the consequence will be that "Tigg" will be blowing for a month or two to come, but for all that we are even, and it rests for a third debate to decide who is champion.

Among those present outside the Institution were: Mrs. Syle, Miss Levering, Mr. Reider, Miss Gooley, Mr. Harrison, Messrs. Zell, McCarthy, and Miss Schieck.

PHILA., Dec. 4, 1886.

DAGGETT, IND.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you allow me, under the name of "Huffy," to knock for admission into the columns of your interesting paper? Though I have taken the JOURNAL but a short time, I am very well pleased with it. It is the paper for deaf-mutes, and no mistake about it either.

In your issue of September 16th, I noticed a short piece from Metamora, Ind., signed "Hiawatha," in which

he [or she] is awful glad that the words "deaf and dumb" were not used in speaking of the Reunion at Indianapolis last August. Although, I don't know who "Hiawatha" is, still I quite agree with her. The expression "deaf and dumb" does not sound well. Such an expression should be applied only to those deaf persons who are incapable of acquiring an education, for they are then truly dumb, both in mind and speech.

An educated deaf person may be dumb, as regards vocal speech, but is he dumb, if spoken to in writing, or in the sign-language? Answer that question truthfully, ye scoffers of the deaf, and your answer will be No! You'll be right in this respect, for though their vocal speech is dumb, their silent speech is not. Hence my reasons for saying that the expression "deaf and dumb" should be applied only to those deaf persons who are incapable of acquiring an education.

What has become of Mignon? Her spicy pieces are missed. Hurry up, Mignon, and send the spiciest piece your brain can put together.

Ye editor, go ahead, and knock the stuffing out of the bumbling heads of those persons who say that a deaf person cannot be educated to a life of usefulness. Success to the JOURNAL.

HUFFY.

METAMORA, IND.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Sufficient time has elapsed since I voluntarily defended the mutes of this state from what I consider an injury, to allow the distinguished chap whom I mentioned in my exposure reply, I was armed to the teeth with equipments for writing, and proposed to storm his fort, if he accepted my challenge. The truth is he is aware that he is in a tight place, like the elephant said when he stepped on the monkey. I have received letters and postal cards from some of the most reputable mutes in the state urging me to make it hot for him. I think if he was brought to fully realize the impression his doings make on the people, his conscience would be awakened from its stupor. Now I will be frank with him. He says it is a deaf-mute's reunion. Now everybody knows that a reunion means people coming together and having a nice time. Now, is it proper to always choose the Sabbath, the day God set apart as a day of rest. Is it wicked to run the trains on Sunday? The people will think the mutes care nothing for the Sabbath day. I politely asked him, why he did not wait till the mutes at the Institution were out on vacation, and why not hold it on some other day. He said the farmers and other people were too busy. Now why does he want them to attend, for he can not better his condition that way. True he makes a few hundred dollars every year at this business, but when money comes easy, it generally goes easy. When a man has to work hard for a livelihood, he knows how to spend his earnings in a profitable way. If a mute obtains a good position at small wages, he should stick to it and show his employer, what he is made out of. When I left the Institution a few years ago, I said to myself, my father has provided me with clothing, and funds to procure an education, now, I ought to support myself, so I got a job at only twenty-five cents per day, and strove to make myself so useful that they could not do without me. When I thought, I was entitled to one dollar per day, I asked the foreman for it. What was my surprise when he told me that Charlie, the Superintendent, had raised my wages to \$1.00 a month ago. I have worked at the same place ever since, and now get as much as any one in the employment, except the foreman. I live within my means, thus have every thing that goes to make life comfortable and happy, and that is all I desire. I maintain that I have not injured my opponent. I merely gave him some advice, and told the mutes how he has been getting mutes, who never passed the primary department at the Institution, together, and exhibiting them to the people, who think they are the most intelligent mutes in the state.

Mrs. Anna McWhorter returned from a three weeks visit to Muncie, Saturday. She was surprised on arriving home to find a nice willow rocking chair and a new parlor stove, which Walter had bought during her absence.

Some one writes to the JOURNAL from Kansas, and speaks well of the progress of that state. Three of my best friends recently located in that state. One staked a claim of 160 acres. He's a school teacher, named Harold Tracy. The other is a young lawyer. He began his struggle in a rising town. The third is a clerk.

I went a rabbit hunting Thanksgiving day. I never had so much fun in my life. Used 30 cents worth of ammunition and succeeded in procuring two rabbits to carry home as a matter of pride. When papa saw them, he said: "Bully for you!" or words to that effect. I was tempted to stop at the ice pond, above town and practice on a dip duck. When I saw it, I took deliberate aim and expected to blow it to atoms. When the smoke cleared away, the blamed thing came up again alive. I couldn't wait to reload, jerked out a Smith & Wesson and shot five times at it.

I would like to see a letter in the JOURNAL from David H. Tipton, one of the most popular young mute gentlemen in this State, and a graduate of the Institution. Come now, David, let us hear from you.

Hiawatha.

November 30, '86.

NEW YORK.

The Return Debate.

HOW THE RESULT WAS RECEIVED.

Society Meetings.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The past week has been one of more than ordinary quiet, unless perhaps, we consider the usual meetings of the Societies, and the expectation of those interested in debating matters, as to the probable result of that which took place in Philadelphia last Friday evening.

Having an impression as to the most likely person from whom we could get our information as to the "returns," we collared "Snooks," as he left the Gallaudet Club Rooms, and had him give in detail as far as his memory would allow, what the Judges had decided, how the debate was conducted, and in fact asked every conceivable question of him as to what the contestants had said of their reception by the Philadelphia retinue.

This was mean on our part, but as it may have been, the fact that our city lost last time, and the consequent crowing of "Mr. Spy," made us feel with a vengeance that any little fault we could pick up, would be belished, if not by others at least by ourselves, but although "Snooks" told us a good deal as to the reports of the visiting delegation, we gnashed our teeth to think nothing could be found fault with.

The Judge and debators, Messrs. O'Brien, Fox, and Hodgson, reached home about 4 p.m., so says "Snooks," and having refreshed themselves with a dinner at Monquin's, made haste for the Gallaudet Club Rooms, startling everybody by saying they had lost, each blaming the other for it. Of course this was the reverse, and those best informed knew it from the moment they entered the room.

Their praise of the hospitality of our Philadelphia brethren was unbounded, and to Mr. Zeigler they were especially warm in their praise of the excellent manner in which he managed the pupils under his charge, even going as far as to say the supervisors at the New York Institution would learn a thing or two by a visit to Philadelphia, with a study of the methods of Mr. Zeigler, on whom rests the entire responsibility of some 200 boys after school hours, and while they are employed in the industrial department.

In the tailoring line, it was learned that the cut and make of the garments was as superior as one could meet in this city, and their description of how well the boys looked in their uniforms, would give one the impression they were dressed as near and soldier-like as any pupils of private military Academy.

They also spoke well of the methods pursued by Profs. Krikhoff and Booth in the Educational department, as that of Mr. Davidson in the printing department.

If the information of "Snooks" is to be relied on, we surmise the Philadelphia Institution is a model in itself of everything that goes to make a first-class educational and industrial School and as to the way in which the debate was managed, each and all who were present stated it was conducted in the best possible manner.

Altogether we regret we have nothing to say against Philadelphia, and perhaps when "Mr. Spy" sees this, he will smile and say to himself, "Well, 'Tigg,' you blowed before, but didn't you get left this time?" "No, we did not, as our representatives won, and don't you forget it. The next will too."

With the result as regards the return debate before us, the question presented is naturally: "When and where is the next to be?"

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union met Thursday evening last, a full attendance being present. An addition was made to the roll by the initiation of Mr. Pat. Kelly, of Jersey City, a graduate of the New York Institution, and who gives promise of being a great help to the Union. The tickets for the Fifth Annual Reception were distributed, and are a very fine piece of work. The Reception was the most important business under way, and the prospects are it will be the greatest effort of the Union, and without doubt the event of the season. Tickets are fifty cents each, and admit gentlemen and ladies, and can be obtained from any of the members.

The Gallaudet Club held its regular monthly meeting, so we learn from "Snooks," last Saturday evening. A full attendance was present, and after the excitement of the debate had subsided, the ball was taken up, and final instructions and arrangements given by the Chairman of the Committee, "Snooks" requests us to state doors will be open at 8 p.m., that there will be a few speeches made by prominent persons present. And at 9 p.m., the grand march will begin, opening the first ball of the season, which it is thought will be attended by a large gathering, not alone from this city, but from all over the country. It being the anniversary of the birth of Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the founder of the first school for deaf-

mutes in this country, all should attend to attest their regard for him alone. And as "Snooks" will also give all a cordial welcome, there can be no reason for staying at home.

Until then, we are—

MONTAGUE TIGG.

KANSAS CITY NOTES.

At a meeting of the mutes in this city last week, it was decided to have a social gathering in the parlors of Whittaker's Hotel on Saturday evening, January 1st, 1887.

An invitation is extended to all the mutes in Kansas and Missouri, who are assured of a good old time and a pleasant reunion.

Whittaker's is too well known to need mention. It will be a good time for all to see the city, ride over her Elevated, Cable and Electric railways, and take in the various places of amusement, such as the Museum, Panoramas, etc.

The mutes in Kansas, who are desirous of organizing another society, can put the subject before this party.

The second meeting to organize a Sunday School, was held at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms last Sunday. Mr. Johnson proposed that we do away with the subject, and organize a deaf-mute branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. This proposal was unanimously agreed upon, Mr. E. S. Paxton was elected President; Mr. John Laughlin, Secretary; and Mr. Joseph Marksbury, Treasurer.

We learn that Mr. G. W. Chase, of Olathe, Kas., will make Kansas City his home in the near future. We will receive him with open arms.

A well known swindler, by the name of Geo. Prigge, has been traveling around in Kansas and Missouri for the past six or eight months under a good many aliases.

Mr. Sprague says he will butcher cattle in Armourdale, till next spring, when he will come over to Kansas City, and open a paint shop.

Mr. Charles H. Angle, of Topeka, Kas., was in the city this week, shaking hands with his numerous friends.

Father Harbert, of the Colorado Index, is giving advice gratis to kickers. He has the reputation of being a chronic kicker himself, and has received the leather medal annually for the past few years from his associates. It is strange but it is true, and yet he discourages kicking.

That unsophisticated youth over in Kansas, where they mine with a hoe and smelt with their mouths, has the egotism to declare that Kansas City depends upon Kansas for her greatness! It is Kansas City that has made Kansas what she is to-day, and what she will be in the future, by building railroads over her droughty prairies, which extend far beyond her borders to the ends of the continent, and bring in the products from all the States and Territories in the West and South-west. Compared to this vast territory, Kansas is but a small patch of ground, and she is well satisfied to find such a place as Kansas City for a market.

The same chap, who we know to be the Leavenworth correspondent of the JOURNAL, seems to think Kansas a land flowing with milk and honey. This is the way the land agents speak of it to cause emigration. Now he should have told us the hardships to be endured by parties, who come to Kansas to take up claims.

Every day are seen covered wagons winding their way over the hills into our city from the West. They are people who went to Kansas to take up claims, but had nothing to live on while improving the property.

Hundreds of people also come back by rail. It is true, many men have made fortunes in Kansas, and too, how many more have lost all they ever had! It takes money to get a start in the world out here. There are thousands of men, who would be glad to return, and get possession of their old homes in the East.

Now this timid little chap, who goes under a good many aliases in the JOURNAL, should understand it, is in bad taste to speak ill of the dead, more so to ridicule them, and he shows his ignorance and ill-temper in alluding to the caricatures of the defunct Life.

As to "diabolical wood cuts," all the cuts in that paper were cast in metal, and were truthful portrayals of the pictures desired.

Now, little boy, if you don't "top off" on Kansas moonshine, we will let you alone next time.

DANFORD.

Nov. 30, '86.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

"Arminius" was in Dunkirk during Thanksgiving week, and was the guest of Mr. George T. Fisher.

It is whispered that Louis Reinboldt, of Tonawanda, N. Y., goes to the Queen City of the Lakes every Sunday to see his precious "Juliet."

Mr. Henry Gerkens is an apprentice in the ladies shoe factory of Mr. John Stroetman, not B. Delisch, who has a stout man that works in the capacity of a later.

Mr. Rudolph Gaiowski, who came from Prussia about six years ago, has travelled extensively in the west as far as Leavenworth, Kansas, where he made the acquaintance of Mr. Isaac Jones, an old graduate of Fanwood, and a classmate of the writer. Mr. R. Gaiowski would like to know whether his friend is a Benedict or not. He came here about three years ago, and chose this place as his permanent home in the future, as his parents reside here. He proposes to visit the old country some time, if no-

thing happens. We hope that he will bring with him a partner for life.

It is with much pleasure to announce to the friends of Mr. John H. Lotz, of this place, and Miss Augusta Hermsdoerfer, of Fort Wayne, Ind., were united in holy matrimony last April. Both were pupils at the Norris Institution near Detroit. German is taught there only, yet they can now talk with the sign-language as any one, and are getting along nicely. Mrs. J. H. Lotz will go to her former paternal home Fort Wayne during the Christmas Holidays. We wish her a splendid time. She may be gone about a month.

Mr. Solly Neil was seen riding on a bicycle on Broadway. Buffalo has the finest streets in Western New York. They are of asphalt.

ARMINIUS.

Indiana News.

Wheat is getting damaged by the fly. We need a big frost to settle the pest.

Mrs. Etta Amot who has been sick for some weeks has regained her usual health.

Some weeks ago, the Deaf-Mute Advance said that John Houdyshell, who has been teacher of the Indiana Institution, was lying dangerously sick, near Acton, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnot, of Darwin, have been visiting their relatives at Colburn, Ind.

There is need of a mute minister in Burlington. We would like to have one come and preach at any time.

Miss L. Street was married to Mr. James Wray five years ago, and they live on a rented farm in Roann, Ind.

Jesse Arnot, of Radnor, is working in a ware house, making a good living for himself.

Miss Melinda Kirkman's mother will pay a flying visit to her daughter in California. She is going to live with her sister, Mrs. Black, of Roann.

A gentleman, of Delphi, told me that a deaf-mute tramp was in the city visiting the saloons. He was formerly a pupil of the Indiana Institution.

It is cruel to tie a horse to a post or elsewhere, and let him stand without food or water all day. I wonder why a man will do it, when it is the horse that works to support him. It is right to feed him well.

Swindlers of all kinds are at large in the land. Beware of them. Have nothing to do with strangers and you will not have a note in the bank awaiting your payment, which you knew nothing of.

Miss Ida Thompson, an estimable young lady of Mulberry, was going to attend the reunion to be held at Indianapolis last August, but was prevented from doing so. Her mother died two years ago.

L. Greisheimer, a German mute, is still riding in the country, buying cattle. He is very skillful in his business. He was married to Miss Sterling, who was educated at the Indiana Institution.

I am always pleased to see a letter from "Hiawatha." He is a smart writer, and a good correspondent.

Mrs. Ida Wilson, nee Runyon, is dangerously ill. She is the only daughter of William Runyon, a mute.

I am much pleased to read the JOURNAL. It is the best paper for mutes in the world.

Booze.

Nov. 28, '86.

New England News.

A very pleasing entertainment was furnished the members and friends of the boy's branch of the Young Men's Christian Association last evening by Mr. George A. Simpson, a graduate of the Hartford Asylum for deaf-mutes, who for an hour, with well executed tricks and wondrous, caused laughter and smiling faces among about one hundred and fifty boys, who had gathered in the hall of the association. The musical programme given by the members included banjo solo by Francis Parsons, piano solo by Samuel Ames, and violin duet by Fanny Richter and Eugene Casey, with piano accompaniment by Mr. Bolles.—Hartford Courant, Nov. 25.

The 19th annual report of the Clarke Institution for Deaf-Mutes is just out, and contains besides the reports of the corporation and the principal and other matter, the letter of resignation from Miss Rogers, and the resolutions passed by the trustees. The financial statement shows the receipts to have been \$33,840, made up principally of these items: From the Clarke Fund, \$1,6616; the State of Massachusetts, \$12,821; other states and pupils, \$3388. The current expenses were \$28,034, including \$14,734 for wages; \$5,625 for provisions; and \$3,397 for fuel and lights.—Springfield Republican.

Miss Laura Bridgman has returned to the Perkins Institution from a visit of several months at New Hampshire, and she is looking unusually well, is at present engaged knitting a pattern of very fine lace. She has also resumed her occupation in the sewing room, where she makes herself very useful threading needles between her finger, thumb, and lips.

The Thanksgiving party at the Hartford school last Thursday evening was a brilliant and happy one.

Mr. Le Roy B. Deming informed to the JOURNAL writer last week that Mr. Deming's birthplace situated in Vine Street, New Britain, Connecticut, was buried on the night of the 8d of November. His parents used to own the place from 1844 to 1853, when they moved to Meriden. They had sold it to a gentleman some time ago.

The name of a poem just received is "Evermore to thee I'm mute." If the poet will make an affidavit and affix it to the poem, we will then consider the amount it will be worth to us.—Yonkers Statesman.

Henry M. Fairman, of Hartford, Connecticut, has taken a position at his trade with the Arms' Pocket-Book & Diary Co.

PEN POINT.

WILLIAM ENNIS, Chairman.

FANWOOD.

Improving at Foot Ball.

VICTORIOUS HOUNDS.

This and That.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Snow, beautiful snow. Christmas is less than three weeks. The skating season began on Thursday last.

Supervisor Howell has been too ill to attend to his regular duties for the past two days.

The Gallaudet Club's Ball is on the finger tips, and every one seems anxious to attend.

The strongest boys in the High Class at present are John H. Geary and William McVea.

Robbie, the youngest son of ex-Superintendent James C. Carson died a few days ago of diphtheria.

The pupil living nearest the Institution is William Lynch of the Mansion House. He lives on 162d Street.

The wife of Patrick, the Institution coachman, died on the morning of the fourth. She leaves three young children to mourn her.

Prof E. H. Currier has promised to lecture before the Peet Literary Society on some convenient date. His subject will be "Socialism in America."

Messrs. Josias Doyale Mendez, the gentleman deaf-mute of leisure, and Max Levy, passed the afternoon of the 2d with the pupils.

The High Class boys were relieved from their accustomed monotonous last Sunday, by a call from Messrs W. H. Rose and Wm. H. Fosmire.

Willie Porter, as he used to be called, but now more properly named William, honored the Institution with a visit last Sunday. He is now a happy father.

Stephen Sinclair, with fingers laden with precious rings that would remind one of the riches of the Count of Monte Christo, turned up in as good humor as ever.

John H. Dudson, of Fordham, N. Y., a graduate of this Institution and of the National Deaf-Mute College, has passed the Civil service examination for a Government position.

The pupils of Prof. Fox learned of their teacher's birthday and at once subscribed for a handsome present as a mark of their esteem. It was a silver-mounted cane, which the proud Professor may be seen using when out for a walk.

The boys celebrated Dr. Peet's birthday on Saturday, December 4th, with a game of hare and hounds. Messrs. Gallagher, Salmond and McConnell, were the hares, and led the hounds as far as Fordham, where they were captured. Victorious hounds!

Prof. E. H. Currier went to Elizabethport, N. J., last Wednesday, to act as interpreter in the trial of Philip Dackermann, who is suspected of murdering a ten-year old girl. It is believed that Dackermann is innocent, and will be exonerated.

Visitors to the School have greatly missed the 155th Street bridge, which was a great convenience to people coming by that way. The cable road has been extended to the East and North Rivers, and the change in the running line has disappointed many who were accustomed to the old way. It must be remembered that the cars with the sign "Riverside" will not take them up Tenth Avenue.

Ronald Douglas has been spending some time taking negatives of both the inside and outside buildings. He has taken great pains to make his work appreciated, as an inspection of his work will show. Among the most noteworthy are the dining-room, sleeping dormitories, boys and girls' sitting rooms, chapel, and printing-office. Graduates who wish to remember where they worked, dined, studied, slept, and worshipped, can not do better than to offer him their patronage. He remains in New York one week longer, when he expects to depart for the city of "Brotherly Love" for the winter.

It has been generally known that Fanwood never prided itself of having a foot ball team worth anything. This may be owing to two reasons, viz., poor grounds and lack of encouragement, although there has always been sufficient material. We have no regular team yet, but the boys have been playing most every day previous to the fall of snow, and through the efforts of Prof. Fox, there have been several exciting scrimmages. Mr. Fox says there is good material for a strong club, and with a little training, they would become fine players. The more they play, the more they observe the rules governing the game. They hope to organize themselves into a club soon and get ready for challenges.

AQUILA.

Prof. W. G. Jones' Great Lecture.

Prof. W. G. Jones will deliver an interesting lecture before the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union on the 16th of December. His subject will be "Bibleism." Every mute (ladies and gentlemen) invited. Admission free. Entrance at 15th St. Don't forget the date.

WILLIAM ENNIS, Chairman.

From Rev. Job Turner.

CAVE SPRING, GA., Nov. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR:—This place being the seat of the Georgia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, I take pleasure in preparing you its brief history, which is not so well-known as that of any other institution in this country.

It was Mr. Weld's visit to this state with his pupils in 1836, that ultimately brought about the establishment of this Institution.

To the Rev. Jesse H. Campbell is due the credit of its opening at this place. He is still living at Columbus, Ga., and his avocation is that of a Baptist minister. I have a good recollection of seeing him at Hartford to which place he had taken a number of deaf-mute beneficiaries from Georgia.

He was one of three trustees which the Legislature appointed to look after the persons of this class, to which they attended faithfully and energetically for about ten years. Very few were, however, sent to the American Asylum. I have said that the Rev. Mr. Campbell is still in the land of the living. Sorry I am that I have several times passed through Columbus without any knowledge of his having a home there. I know a speaking lady there who can use our alphabet and make signs well, her deaf-mute brother having died long ago. She would have been useful to me as an interpreter if I had called on the venerable preacher.

Finding that the climate of the North did not agree with the health of the Georgia deaf-mutes sent to Hartford, he thought it best not to send any more thither, and therefore asked the Legislature to make an amendment to the original act whereby deaf-mutes could be educated in this state, as well as at Hartford, which was agreed to. Soon after he succeeded in having a deaf-mute department opened in a manual labor school in this place, in which Messrs. King and Fannin were the teachers then, who knew nothing about signs. He asked Mr. King if he would like to go to Hartford to qualify himself as a teacher of the deaf and dumb to which he replied in the negative.

Then he asked Mr. Fannin the same question and received his affirmative answer. So Mr. Fannin went to Hartford, and remained there till he could master the method well enough, when he brought the Georgia deaf-mutes, four in number, from that place, and entered them as pupils in the department just spoken of, which was placed under his immediate supervision. The school was opened in a log-cabin, May 15th, 1846, with four pupils, one of whom is known to be still living, the males boarding in a private family, and the females in another, till they were removed into the permanent building when it was completed.

Mr. Fannin secured the services of my old classmate, I. B. Edwards, as an assistant teacher.

This Institution was legally established here, in 1847, and commenced its first legitimate operation, July 1st, 1849, since which year many improvements have been added to it, mostly through Mr. Connor's energy. This Institution has had four principals, viz: O. P. Fannin, of Georgia; S. F. Dunlap, of Virginia; W. D. Cooke, of Virginia; and W. O. Connor, of Georgia. The present principal is Mr. Connor, whose life ought to be spoken of in brief.

After Mr. Cooke's resignation, Mr. Connor was offered the place, but declined it, because he thought he was too young to take that responsibility. He was eighteen years old then.

They tried him again when he was twenty, but he refused, preferring to go to war. They afterwards took him from between the plow-handles, while he was working on his farm like Cincinnati. They placed him in the office which he now holds as Principal of this Institution. If he had accepted the first offer, he would have been the youngest Principal that had ever served in the United States. He attended the first conference of Principals, at Washington City, and was, at the time, the youngest of the Principals present.

He has a good corps of assistant teachers. The oldest teacher is James S. Davis, a speaking gentleman, who has had twenty-six years' experience in deaf-mute instruction. The next teacher is Samuel M. Freeman, a semimute, who enjoys a good collegiate education. He hails from Cincinnati. O. Miss S. I. Posey, a graduate of this Institution, has been teaching here for about twelve years. Mrs. Connor has lately taken the place of James Fisher, who resigned last July, after having taught deaf-mutes for about thirty years. He and his wife will live well on an income.

Henry S. Morris, foreman of the shoe shop of this Institution, is one of the finest shoemakers that I ever knew of. The first-class families in and around this place always have him make their boots and shoes, which he does to their entire satisfaction. He receives orders from distant places, — Pensacola, Jacksonville, Florida, &c. I agree with Prof. Freeman that he is the most skillful shoemaker in the United States.

This Institution may well be proud of its new school-house, which is advancing to completion. Its architecture excites admiration.

For the information of his friends, who have often asked me about him, I must add that Mr. Fannin now resides at West Wynton, Calhoun Co., Florida. He is Judge of that county, and his son Isaac, the county clerk.

I believe that he is the only person who has jumped from a teacher of the deaf and dumb to a judge. He was

once principal of this Institution. He has been called a graceful sign maker.

Mr. Parker has risen from a teacher to a lawyer. He was once principal of the Michigan Institution, but now he is one of the leading lawyers in Olathe, Kansas. He is getting so popular with the people that they call him Hon. Mr. Parker. I should not be surprised if he should be elected Governor of that State, which is no longer called bloody Kansas.

Mr. Barnard was an instructor in the Hartford and New York schools for many years, but he is now President of Columbia College, New York City. Through the influence of the late Prof. Bartlett, he jumped in the American Asylum to teach deaf-mutes, because he was getting too hard of hearing to continue his place as tutor in Yale College any longer. He once wrote a grammar expressly for the use of deaf-mute schools, which work, I am sorry to say, is almost extant.

Dr. Chapin was for some years connected with the N. Y. Institution as an educator, till he was called to the presidency of the Beloit, Wis., College, which position he held till last July, when he resigned. I presume on account of his health. He has written many able essays for publication.

Mr. Woodbridge labored a considerable time under the elder Dr. Gallaudet as a teacher. At last he resigned, and published his own school atlases for the use of common schools. I have in my possession a copy which I used under Laurent Clerc.

Mr. Orr worked with the above named gentleman in the same school till his health drove him out, and afterwards he invented the air-tight stove. I would say more, but time admonishes me to close this letter.

Please pardon me for saying that I have had several services here. I get off this afternoon to officiate in Rome, Ga., next Sunday.

ROME GA., November 22nd 1886.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Were I now sojourning in Rome Italy, I would send you a more interesting letter than this. This bids fair to be one of the largest cities in the south. Northern emigrants are coming here in large bodies to live.

The Georgia Deaf and Dumb Institution is about sixteen miles from this place, and the Alabama Institution about seventy farther.

Last night I came here, and I have conducted forenoon and night, combined services at St. Peter's church this Sabbath day, as if I were a speaking preacher.

How did I spend my thanksgiving day? I took cars at Macon, Ga., for Milledgeville that morning, walked three miles from the station at the latter city to the state Lunatic Asylum, visited two crazy deaf-mutes for about two hours, returned to the depot on foot, and arrived at Macon about dark that evening.

My kind friends who entertained me at their house, saved me some of their Thanksgiving dinner, and desert, both of which I enjoyed very much indeed, because I had had a busy day that day, without eating any dinner.

I was dreadfully hungry. They leave an incurably insane deaf-mute woman at the Asylum. She was a bright girl when she was with us at Hartford, Conn., long ago.

While at Milledgeville, I looked with a sad heart at the old tavern where the late Mr. Wild stopped with Mr. Booth and two deaf-mute boys not only to give an exhibition to the Legislature, but also to excite an interest among the people in deaf-mute instruction.

Yesterday I called on Mr. and Mrs. James Fisher in Atlanta, and they said they were about to go to Sparta, Ga., to spend the winter.

I have had several mutes at both the services to day.

W. B. Lathrop, a practical printer, works in a printing office, in this city. He had the misfortune to lose his wife and child the same day last July.

J. C. Jones, a graduate of the Georgia Institution, is a first-rate stone cutter by trade. His parents, two brothers and two sisters, are all speechless. His mother died last summer. His father is a good stone cutter, as well as a skillful rock mason in Birmingham, Ala.

Martin Gore, of Kentucky is a house carpenter of great skill, and does very well. He knows how to build first class houses.

The Episcopal minister with whom I have this day officiated, has a deaf-mute cousin in Virginia. He spells on his fingers as we do.

I leave for the North in the morning.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Dec. 1, 1886.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am making a short old fashioned visitation in this city, being the guest of a son of the late Admiral Wilkes, commanding the U. S. Exploring Expedition around the world from 1832 to 1836. I arrived in town last night, and leave to night for Raleigh, N. C.

There are six deaf-mutes in this place. One of them has a shoe shop on his own hook, and does his work well. Another is an old colored deaf-mute man, employed in a large grocery warehouse. Although he is uneducated, he finds no difficulty in understanding what his employers order him to do. His signs are like ours, he having learned them from his deaf-mute master during slavery. He names himself for him to show his affection.

His old master was one of our fellow pupils at Hartford, Conn., in 1833. He had a farm near this place

He was well known here for raising big turkeys. He has some relatives living here. The colored mute asked me when I should hold a service here. He can make signs as we do though he never attended any deaf-mute school.

Two colored girls, educated at Raleigh, N. C., are earning a good livelihood by washing and sewing. They make good signs. One of them is married and has two children. I married her about six years ago, according to the rites of the Episcopal church.

The mutes told me that they felt the earthquake very perceptibly. The colored girls told me that their beds were shaken as it were by some one under them.

While one of them was playing cards with some speaking men, he felt the earthquake, and was so much frightened, that he ran out of the house. The citizens also ran out in fright.

Yesterday I met a deaf-mute lady, on our train near this place. I had a pleasant sign-conversation with her, and she spelt out: "I will marry very soon." She gave me an account of a deaf-mute man, who was shot in the leg while he knocked after dark for medicine, as he felt sick at the stomach. The druggist cried to him but no answer coming from him, he took him for a burglar and fired a pistol at him, wounding him in the right leg. He ought not to have gone to the store after dark, because he was deaf and dumb.

The deaf-mute should never go to any strange house after dark.

In Virginia, it was a very dark night, when a deaf-mute man went to a strange house, and knocked at the door. A colored man was sent from the kitchen to the front of the house and cried aloud to him, but as he did not receive any reply from him, he shot and killed him with a gun.

Afterwards it was found out that he was a mute. It was his own fault. I know of several other mutes who lost their lives in this way.

In great haste,
Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

LOOK!!!

THE GRANDEST BALL

New England

Gallaudet Memorial Fund.

Mechanic Hall, Lowell, Mass.

Friday, Dec. 10, 1886, at 8 p.m.

We have arranged the programme to the best of our ability, and in consideration of not only the programme, but the object, it is hoped that the attendance will be the largest ever had made in New England.

The programme will be as follows:
7.45 p.m.—Short speech, 8 to 10.30—dancing.
10.30 to 11 p.m.—Intermission, 11 p.m. to 12.30 a.m.—Dancing. 12.45 to 2.45 a.m.—Pantomime. 3 to 4.30 a.m.—Competitive games for prizes. 4.30 to 6.30 a.m.—Various amusements.

In behalf of the hearing portion, we have engaged three floor directors, Messrs. Thomas J. McLaughlin, Thomas H. Rowe and Joseph E. Donohoe, and in behalf of the deaf-mutes, several officers of the management will aid the floor directors.

Orders of dancing and programmes of the entertainment, printed on pretty cards, will be distributed at the Hall.

Supper will be furnished in the dining room of the Hall by Page & Mann, caterers, at 11 p.m. Parties coming through Boston, are advised to take the Boston & Lowell R. R. train. All trains reach the Merrimack Street Station, a minute's walk by turning to the first left crossing street, and a few doors below the corner on the right will find the Hall.

Guides will be stationed at each depot.

ADMISSION:
Gentleman and Lady, \$1.00
Gentleman, 75
Lady, 50
Supper Ticket, 75

For further information, write to the Secretary.
GEO. C. SAWYER, Manager.
P. O. Box 254.
J. M. O'NEIL, Sec'y.
Room No. 36, Glidden Block.
HOWARD H. MAYBERRY, Treas.
14 Shedd Street.

NOTICE

To Graduates & Former Pupils

OF THE

New York Institution

FOR THE

Instruction of the D & D.

All persons at any time pupils in the Institution, are respectfully requested to send to us, at once, their names and residences, and the year in which they left or graduated from school; and, in the case of married women, their maiden name prior to marriage.

I. L. PEET, Principal.
C. N. BRAINERD, Supt.

ADDRESS:
N. Y. Inst'n for the Deaf & Dumb
STATION M,
NEW YORK CITY

SECOND SEASON

GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION

St. Joseph's Union of Deaf-Mutes.

AT

City Assembly Rooms,

Washington St. Junction of

Fulton and Court Sts.

and Myrtle Ave.

ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY-EVE,

Monday, Feb. 21, 1887.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Tickets, 50 Cents.

(Admitting gentlemen and ladies.)

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

JAMES F. O'NEIL, Chairman.

D. L. SULLIVAN, JR., W. J. REILLY.

A GRAND

Masquerade Ball

and Levee

WILL BE HELD IN

WELLS MEMORIAL HALL,

987 Washington St., Boston, Mass.,

Friday, Dec. 31, 1886, at 8 P.M.

The deaf-mutes of New England and other States, with their speaking friends, are cordially invited to this Ball. The object is the aid of a self-supporting organization to be had by the deaf-mutes in this city. The Committee shall spare no pains to make the Ball the most enjoyable one ever held in this city. The programme has been arranged, comprising dancing, playing games, dumb-bands, etc. The prizes will be awarded to the best deaf-mute lady dancer, hand-somest, ugliest, funniest original and character costumes, winner of four and eight-hand patches. A beautiful prize will be given to the person who guesses the nearest number of Beans in the Jar, to be on exhibition in the hall, will charge ten cents each guess. Intermission will occur before twelve o'clock, in order that they can have an opportunity to watch the old year out and new one in.

Refreshments will be served in the Coffee Room below at any time.

Come one. Come all. Any further information can be obtained by addressing to the Secretary.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.
JOHN J. MCNEIL, Manager.
HARRY E. BABBITT, W. H. KRAUSE,
JOHN MAGIE, HENRY A. ACHESON.
HENRY A. ACHESON, Sec'y.
Box 183, 183 FORT HILL ST.,
BOSTON, MASS.

FIFTH "STILL WE THRIVE" SEASON.

GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION.

OF THE

Catholic Literary,

BENEVOLENT UNION

OF DEAF-MUTES,

TO BE HELD IN

IRVING HALL,

(Irving Place and 15th Street),

On Wednesday Evening, January 19th, 1887.

MUSIC BY PROF. R. E. SAUSE.

Tickets (admitting gentleman and ladies.) 50 Cents.

The Union takes pleasure in bringing before the public the notice of its Fifth Annual Reception.

As heretofore everything will be done on the occasion towards the comfort and enjoyment of its guests.

Irving Hall has been entirely re-decorated and contains the finest dancing floor of any ball-room in New York City.

Prof. Sause is a name that speaks for itself.

Tickets, can be obtained of any of the members.

Particulars given later.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

JOHN F. O'BRIEN, Chairman, WILLIAM ENNIS, J. F. J. TRESCH.

WATCHES

AND

JEWELRY

FINE GOLD WATCHES.

Stem-winding, \$50 to \$75 and upwards.

Ladies' \$25 to \$60 and upwards

SILVER HUNTING

AMERICAN WATCHES

Stem-winding, \$12 to \$18.

Our reputation for good time-keeper Watches has been known for forty years, and our standard is better than ever.

JEWELRY,

Silver and Plated Ware

all of the newest designs, always in stock.

We challenge comparison for quality of work in

WATCH REPAIRING

all of which is done on the premises.

Old Gold and Silver taken in Exchange.

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NO. 233 GREENWICH ST.,

Cor. Barclay St., N. Y.

OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT DOWN TOWN

WANTED.

A YOUNG GIRL to wash iron and do plain cooking. To one suitable, a good home will be given. Address: JOHN VAN NORT, BAYSHORE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAF-MUTE

Articulation Class.

SECOND YEAR.

MISS N. V. KEELER, after many years of Institution experience, has organized a deaf-mute class for thorough instruction in language, articulation and lip-reading. For further information, apply personally or by letter to MISS KEELER, 72 WEST 50TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

1886.

THE AMERICAN STAR BICYCLE.

Special Star, Semi-Racer-

Star, Pony-Star,

Racing Star.

Safe, practical and fast; no headers or dangerous falls; for comfort, safety, speed, and hill climbing, Star leads all bicycles. Price \$75 and upwards.

New catalogue ready. Send one cent stamp. JOHN M. STOUT, General Agent.

Mr. Stout is open to engagements to exhibit on the Star Bicycle. Over 500 different tricks. Photographs of Mr. Stout with his bicycle sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address: J. M. STOUT, Perth Amboy, N. J.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhling, Pres.; Henry Hoevel, First Vice-President; Ohas E. Green, Second Vice-President; Alex Debert M. Patterson, Sergeant-at-Arms; after subject is to improve moral, intellectual and a clergy among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex Debert M. Patterson, 455 Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Moses J. Anderson, Vice-President, Thos. F. Finnegan; Secretary, Leo C. Williams; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank H. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 a.m. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Leo C. Williams, cor. Church and Dorland Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are: President, A. W. Orcutt; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 p.m., at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 p.m., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 39 West 14th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to P. F. Cassidy, Corresponding Secretary, 506 West Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1872, and has for its object the moral and mental improvement of its members, by lectures, debates, and other entertainments. Regular meetings on the first and third Saturday of each month, at 8 o'clock, are held in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West Fifth Street. Visitors may be introduced by members, and those interested, from other places, are cordially welcomed. Mr. J. G. Kelly is President, and Mr. Fred Belker, Secretary. The latter's address is No. 61 Moore Street, Cincinnati, O.

CLERG LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerg Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening at 8 p.m., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Meetings every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement, and the social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. Shilling, President, and Thomas Breen is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1917 Monument Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

DE L'EPPE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of La Salle College, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Thomas Breen is President, and Mr. Edward J. Carr, Secretary. Applications should be made to the Secretary, 2710 E. Somerset or Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the deaf-mute community in the State. Its officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President; Bennington; Willie A. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago music-lovers, with the object of dispensing with the ordinary musical amusements to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in the Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is offered as follows: President, Matthew Mullen; Vice President, Edward Kugler; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. K. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pasa-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust, this city, on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the Literary advancement of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. E. Guss; Vice-President, E. Harden; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Leo A. Froning; Trustees, W. T. Campbell and Geo. T. Dougherty. Address the Secretary, 2249 Sullivan Ave.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to instruct all forms of human and Christian in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or supplementary service to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred music, literature, and general education. Officers: Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET